## \* MATHER RAVALLI.

HERE is no more beautiful spot in all picturesque Montana than the delightful valley around Stevensville where the eye of the will, is greeted by a panorama of matchless charm and never-ending Broad, fertile

stretch in every direction and mag-nificent, rugged mountains, their lofty tops glittering as the sun falls upon eternal snows which cover them. and their riven sides presenting in-cessant changes of light and shadow. form a background such as painter never depicted. It is one of the lovliest spots in the whole world and travelers who have gazed upon the grandest of Alpine scenery and who have viewed the awe inspiring heights of the Himalayas, have paused in this valley have stood in silent and reverent con-templation of the incomparable land-scape that spreads before them. In the west, the peak of St. Mary's mountain points heavenward its beetling heights, spire of nature's great cathedral teaching its silent lesson of adoration and worship. It is a sight which, once sed, can never be forgotten.

But the spot possesses an added charm to the student of Montana history and, mingled with his appreciation of the sublimity of the natural surndings of the place, is a sense of deep reverence and respect for the deeds of heroism and sacrifice that have been enacted there—none the less worthy of reverence because unrecorded. In the shadow of St. Mary's lofty peak, have been performed achieve-ments of which the world will never know. There was no historian to re-cord the self-denial and devotion of the faithful Black Robes who forsook all to labor in this then isolated corof their Master's vineyard. They were alone and they were too unselfish desire the approbation of mankind ward for which they labored was ler and higher one, the approval of that Master whom they served and His "Well done, good and faithful servant" was the only recompense that they sought for years of devotion and separation from all that was dear to them on earth. That they have found will question?

When, in future years, the history of Montana shall be written by an impar-tial pen, these zealous and devoted priests will be accorded the credit which is due them. Their part in the civilization and development of this state was more important than that of the soldier and more enduring than that of the trader. Their motives were not the greed of conquest or the desire could never have accomplished was wrought by the cross, and future gen erations will arise and call blessed the servants of God who made easy the civilization of this section and, when the story of early Montana is truthfully written, the names of Father et, Father Ravalli, Father d'Asta and their associates will be foremost in the list of those to whom is due the credit of a paradise reclaimed from paganism and savagery. Upon the plain marble shaft which

marks the last resting place of Father Ravalli, in the little churchyard behind St. Mary's church, is an inscription which tells briefly and modestly the tory of his life and which testifies to the great debt which Montana owes to this man. "Father Anthony Ravalli, spent forty years in this far West for the good of souls and suffering mankind, as a zealous missionary and a charitable physician"—thus the inmankind, as a zealous missionary and a charitable physician"—thus the inscription reads. It speaks volumes, Could the whole history of those 40 years be written, what a story of unselfish devotion it would tell. It would tell of days and nights of exposure for the sake of a suffering Indian woman. It would tell of laborious weeks of manual labor for the benefit of the physical necessities of his redskinned charges. It would tell of hours of patient and faithful teaching, "for the good of souls." It would tell of lives saved for the sake of that master, Who knew no creed and no seet. It would tell of ministrations of the tenderest sort to friend and foe, cheerfully and freely given. It would tell all these and then the half would not be told, for who can estimate the intensity of the struggie with self, the subjection of the desire to be once more with friends, the pain of putting aside the prospects of a life whose future was brilliant with promise? This can never be written.

Father Anthony Ravalli, S. J. was

was brilliant with promise? This can never be written.

Father Anthony Ravalli, S. J. was an Italian. He was born at Ferrara, May 16, 1812, and at the early age of 15 years, entered the Society of Jesus. His education was complete and fitted him admirably for the duties and responsibilities of his life work, of which, however, he could have had no intimation. His knowledge of medicine and the natural sciences was complete to an unusual degree and was made the more thorough by an experience covering several years as teacher in the great church schools of Italy. Returning to church work. Father Ravalli took his final yows in religion. April 21, 1844. As if he had some premonition of his future work, Father Ravalli had perfected himself in the art of healing, by studying under some of the best European physicians and had served a full apprenticeship in the workshop of the mechanic and in the artist's studio. Of his ability one of his associates says: "He could handle with considerable skill the chisel and brush of the artist, as well as the tools and implements of almost every trade." His diligence in acquiring these accomplishments, while at the same time pursuing his studies, is the same that characterized him in his later work. He knew no weariness. An indomitable spirit conquered physical weakness and made him tireless.

When Father DeSmet, after having established St. Mary's mission pear the

when Father Desmet, after having established St. Mary's mission near the present site of Stevensville, returned to Europe in 1842 to enlist recruits for the gigantic task he had undertaken in the wilderness of the Northwest, Father Ravalli had eagerly offered his services to the great pioneer of Christianity and his proffered aid was gladly accepted. In company with Father Desmet and his companions, Father Ravalli in 1843 bade a final farewell to his native land and to all the hopes and aspirations of a life which promised so much of temporal reward. In July, 1844, the mouth of the Columbia was reached and at St. Paul's Prairie, Ore, his missionary life was begun.

In the spring of the following year, Father Ravalli was sent toward the interior and for several months he was associated in the work among the Kaliston was reached and colville Indians. During this period, Father Ravalli's privace and, as the crops of this year were such and, as the crops of this year were familiar, having consorted with the women of the tribe. The venom of diswitched in the pages of history, but heroes, and as the crops of this year were such and and not have the fathers continued their labors the fathers continued their labors among the kalismourhest was fast becoming civilized. The savages became doclic and tractable and were rapidly adoption the habits of their teachers, when the little band of missionaries met with their first discouragement.

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a bare existence upon roots and berries. Toward the close of 1845, it was in October, Father Ravalli was sent to St. Mary's mission, which had been in existence since that memorable Rosary Sunday, when Father DeSmet and his companions had raised the cross. his companions had raised the cross which was the emblem of eternal life, the symbol of a new existence to the poor, ignorant savages, who witnessed the ceremony with awe and wonder. The mission had made favorable preg-ress since its establishing, but the vastness of the work was only just be ginning to be realized by the priests who had the mission in charge. They were almost discouraged, it is said, and, devoted as they were to the cause of Him, whom they served, they had begun to doubt the possibility of car-

But the arrival of Father Ravalli infused new life into the discouraged la-borers. His persistent energy was contagious and his zeal was an inspira tion. No detail escaped his notice and no appeal to him was unheeded. Always observing and considerate, he soon won the respect and love of his dusky charges and their confidence was never shaken. Even now, the In-dians who knew him speak of him with reverence and they love to visit the old mission, about which cluster so many tender memories of the "Old Father," as they call him. In 1842, Father DeSmet had brought

from Colville wheat and potato seed and had taught the Bitter Root Indians the cruder principles of agricul-ture. They had succeeded in raising a fair crep of wheat. This had impressed them with the advantages of cultivating the soil and to this day the Bitter Root Flatheads are industriou farmers—that is, industrious for In-dians. But their wheat was of com-paratively little benefit to them, as the only flour that they could make was the coarse, crude article which was produced by pounding the grain on a produced by pounding the grain on a rock with a rough stone pestle. Father Ravalli was equal to the occasion, however, and his mechanical skill stood him in good stead at this time. In a few months he had in successful operation a small mill, all the parts of which he fashioned with his own hands.

This was the first flouring mill in the West. It remained standing until a few years ago, when it was destroyed by fire. The ruins are one of the many points of interest in the historic Bitter Root valley. It is to be regretted that the mill was not preserved as a monu ment to the ingenuity and skill of this wonderful priest, whose indomitable energy and perserverance knew no discouragement; who so readily adapted himself to his new surroundings and himself to his new surroundings and, who made the most of everything. The old mill is said to have been a marvel of ingenuity. The cog wheels were fashioned of native wood, the teeth being of such bits of hard wood as could be found in broken shovels and wornout tools. These teeth were carefully mortised into the soft wood and ran as truly as if patterned in a and ran as truly as if patterned in a modern foundry. The burr-stones were chiseled out of the country rock and pieces of them may be found in many curio cabinets of this section. Father Ravalli found motive power for his mill in the swift waters of Burnt Fork which rush down toward the river near the millsite. The flume which he built is still standing and may be seen from the road as the traveler drives Stevensville

It is said that the mill ran smoothly from the start. What must have been the feelings of the priestly mechanic as he witnessed the success of his experiment and how great must have been the reverence and awe with which the Indians regarded him? It was a moment of triumph more lofty than ever experienced by Alexander or Na-poleon. Who shall say that the hand of the priest was not inspired for why should not divine inspiration reach such labors as well as the work of him whose hand guides a pen instead of a chisel?

of a chisel?

No sooner was the crude flouring mill finished than a small saw mill grew into completion close beside it. The only iron at the mission was that in the tools of the workers and in the wagons which had brought their supplies from the coast. Five wagon tires were sacrificed for the sawmill. Four of them were welded together to form the crank, while the fifth was laboriously hammered and filed and tempered until it was a saw. Then began ously hammered and filed and tempered until it was a saw. Then began the work of improvement. Lumber was slowly—almost painfully—made and gradually took the place of the hewn timber that had been used in the flume and in the church. It was the labor of years to accomplish what was done with this little mill, but a zeal like Eather Payalli's counts years as like Father Ravalli's counts years as but moments when working for such a great cause as that to which he de-voted his strength, his talents, his whole life.

whole life.

This period of Father Ravalli's life at St Mary's extended to 1850. The exirtence of the missionary priests during that time was a most trying one. Their food, while sufficient in quantity was coarse and; in the main, distasteful. Game and fish, fortunately, were abundant and without these life would have been impossible. But it was a life of complete and absolute isolation and one of constant danger. Only once one of constant danger. Only once each year was any mail received and to procure it even thus often a journey to Fort Vancouver was necessary. Father Palladino states that for three years Father Ravalli did not receive years Father Ravalli did not receive even one letter and twice the Indian messengers were attacked by their for-men and robbed of everything. The standing warfare between the Black-feet and the Bitter Root Selish (Flat-heads) made life at the mission as dangerous as travel over the long trail to the coast. Raids by the former tribe were frequent and twice the little tribe were frequent and twice the little mission was threatened with destruction by marauding war parties of the Blackfeet. But Providence prevented this disaster and the fathers continued their labors

trust soon accomplished its dreadful work and the Indians were trans-formed as if by magic into a band of careless, insolent, abusive vagabonds. In almost a moment the patient work of years was undone and the fathers were compelled to tearfully and re-gretfully abandon the mission which had been established and had grown with so much promise of success.

This was in 1850. From that year until 1864, Father Ravalli was suc-cessively stationed at Coeur d' Alene mission, at Colville and at Santa Clara, Cal. In the last place, Father Ravalli was not content. His heart yearned for the region where his first mission returned and was located at St. Peter's

During all this time this work had been characterized by the same zeal and devotion which had dominated his work at St. Mary's. As priest, as teacher and as physician he had minis-tered to the needs of his charges. It was while he was superior at St. Peter's that occurred the memorable gold stampede to the Sun River diggings. with all its terrible attendant details of suffering. Father Ravalli's tender ministrations to these distressed mirage hunters will never be forgotten. Man; an unfortunate fellow who found star-vation where he had looked for gold has invoked a blessing upon the head of this good man. The mission buildings became hospitals and houses of refuge to these suffering men. The doors closed upon no one. The Good Samaritan's counterpart was here re vealed. Without money and without price the limited resources of the mission were placed at the disposal of all

Two years later, in 1866, Father Ra valli once more entered the valley from which the shameful treachery of that band of trappers had driven him, years before. A new era had dawned in Mon-tana. It had become an El Dorado and its valleys and basins were sparse-ly settled by white men. And it was among these that Father Ravalli came to labor. What he had done for the Indian he now began to do for the white. He was stationed at Hell Gate, the old town below Missoula, and from here went forth on his errands of mercy all over the western valleys. No night was too dark; no distance was too great; no storm was too severe for him and many a dying bedside did he visit with words of consolation and love and many a sufferer did he relieve so willingly and so lovingly to the relief of his fellow men.

Wherever human being dwelt in what is now Western Montana his name was known and was always mentioned with tenderness and respect. Rough men, accustomed to all the harshness of a wild frontier life, melted into tears them and stoical Indians, unwonted to expressions of emotion, spoke of him with all the feeling of a woman, Such was his life until, in the au-

tumn of 1867, he was called to take charge once more of "dear old St. Mary's," which had been reopened a year before. During the summer of 1866, he lay for many weeks near death's door as the result of exposure during one of his trips into the country. He was at the Foley ranch, not far from the present site of Missoula, and Mr. and Mrs. Foley were unceasing in their care of him. At last it became certain that the life which had become so dear to all, was to be spared and a prayer of thanksgiving aros from the hundreds of friends who had been fearing that he would be taken from them. It was joyful news that told of his recovery. But the iron con-stitution was shattered and the tireless frame was weakened. Father Ravalli never fully recovered.

And so it came about that the last years of his life were spent among th scenes that were so dear to him. He lived to enjoy the fulfillment of all his hopes concerning St. Mary's; to see the mission and his mills rebuilt; and best of all, to see himself restored to the confidence in which he had formerly held by the Indians and to know they repented of the wrong that they had done him. The last years of his life were beautiful. As long as his strength remained, he continued his errands of mercy and his gentle ministrations to soul and body, and when, at length, increasing weakness compelled him to seek his bed within the walls of the church that he had built and which was so dear to him, he continued to direct, with a master mind, the conduct of affairs. they had done him. The last years of

the conduct of affairs.

For four long years he lay, a patient, uncomplaining sufferer. No word of fault ever escaped his lips. And at last the end came. It was on a beautiful autumn day, such a day as is only seen in the valley which he loved so well, the Feast day of the Angels, October 2, 1884, that the final summons came. The end was peaceful. In the arms of his beloved friend and comrade, Father d'Aste, he took a last look at the scene of his life work and then fell asleep.

In the little church yard back of the

In the little church yard back of the church, where lie the remains of the Indians who passed away with his blessing resting upon them, a simple marble shaft marks the place where rest all that is mortal of Father Ravalli, one of the noblest men ever fashioned in the image of his Creator, and upon the tablet is the following in-

MONTANA'S TRIBUTE FATHER ANTHONY RAVALLI,
S. J.
Who spent Forty Years in this Far
West, for the Good of Souls and suffering mankind, as a zealous missionary
and charitable physician.
Dies Oct. 2, 1884.
R. I. P.

And upon the pedestal is chiseled in bold letters the name that is so dearly held in remembrance wherever his ministrations extended, "FATHER

RAVALLI."

RAVALLI."

It is uscless, it is impossible to eulogize Father Ravalli. His life story is emcomium sufficient. No nobler tale was ever penned. His was a Christianity that knew no creed, no race, no rich, no poor. His life was devoted to his Father, that tells it all. Reference has been made to his struggle to subdue self. Only once did he ever indicate the intensity of that struggle. It is related that a woman, a warm friend, once asked him if he had never felt a desire to once more see his native country and his father and mother. His answer came promptly: "Yes, and I could have had that pleasure. But, then, the sacrifice would not have

ble should rise to their memory. engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored."

IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. Up to the Present Time the West Har Had the Best of It.

Had the Best of It.

A Cleveland baseball writer sums up the situation in the National league as follows: No one will deny that the Cleveland club is playing great ball nowadays. It has been five years since a local team has gone east and made as good a record as that of the Cleveland club of this year. The team ends the present week having won one more game than it has lost on the series. Two games are still to be played with Philadelphia, two with New York, one with Brooklyn and three with Boston. If the men shall break even on these contests Cleveland will surely be in a place to make a bid for the penin a place to make a bid for the pennant. In fact, it appears as though three of the western clubs were to have much to say about the pennant this year. At one time Cincinnati was well up with the leaders, but after carefully looking over the premises it seems that Cincinnati has fallen back into its old habits. In other words,

the team has quit.
Up to the present time the West has much the best of the baseball fight. The result is that eastern teams are not drawing as well as they have drawn some times in the past. There is no particular reason why they should not draw. All the baseball teams in the East were over-estimated, with the exception of Boston and Bal-timore. New York had nothing but pitchers and one or two basemen, Brooklyn has stood in need of young players this long time, and Washing-ton is really better than it was last year, and that is not saying a great deal. Philadelphia is howling for pitchers, when the fact of the matter s a heavy batting team like the Phillies should be ashamed not to be able to win a game with only mediocre pitching.
That New York made a bona fide

offer of \$10,000 for Burkett and Mc-Kean there is no question. That Pres-ident Robison refused to accept it is one of the best things that ever hap-pened to baseball. It may have been a big temptation to Mr. Robison to take \$10,000 for the services two of his players, but if Burkett and McKean had left the Cleveland team the grounds might as well have been closed in this city one time as another. On the other hand, if the sale had been made people would have had more reason than ever to assert that baseball was being run solely in the in-terests of the New York club, and the Leader does not hesitate to say that little more of that kind of talk will wind up baseball enthusiasm pretty thoroughly in other cities than New York and Cleveland. Eleven clubs in league must not combine to help one in any such way as that. There are plenty of reserve players in the league. Why are not some of them-drafted for New York at less mone; than the Cleveland players would cost? They might be quite as good, and it is just as well that New York experiment with them as any other team. In this connection it is not out of place to observe that the releases of Burkett and McKean are not worth \$10,000, but that is another matter. No two ball players in the league are worth \$10,000 to any team to win, but they may be worth five times that amount to a club that would lose by

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Good and Substantial Reasons Why It Should Remain In This Country. The sporting event par excellence of year, the one of most importance to Americans, is the contest for the America's Cup, which takes place on the ocean course of the New York Yacht club between the 7th and 14th

f next September. The visible prize of this contest is the cup offered by the Queen of Eng-land in 1851 for competition among the yachts of all nations. It was valued then at one hundred sovereigns. f this character is frequently overvalued. I have no doubt that many American silversmiths would be glad to duplicate the "cup" for \$250.

Since the cup was won by the yacht America, in the regatta from Cowes, around the Ilse of Wight, Aug. 2, 1851, the English have made seven unsucces-ful attempts to recover it, and the expense attendant upon these futile ef-forts has been over \$1,000,000. The eighth attempt will be made at the cost to Lord Dunraven and the other mem-bers of his English syndicate of not

In the attempts to wrest the cup from sixteen races have been sailed, in kinds of weather, and of these only one was won by the English representative. That one was taken by the Livonia, in her race against the Columbia, Oct. 19, 1871. The Columbia was disabled. The day before she had beaten her competitor nearly eleven minutes. In the succeeding races of the series the Sappho took the Columbia's place and beat the Livonia with

It is needless to state that the English would not have spent a tithe of the money it has cost them to try to regain the cup merely because of its intrinic or sentimal value. They are too practical for that. They know that cup is the visible emblem of naval superiority, and that while it remains in our possession the claim that England is the greatest shipbuilding nation in the world is refuted by the fact that we won the cup from a fleet of the best products of England's most capable naval designers and construc-tors, and for nearly half a century we have laughed to scorn their attempts

Our new war steamers far exceed in speed, armament and ability to travel long distances without recoaling those of any other nation. China and Japan will in the next five years, spend millions of dollars for new war steamers. If we resist successfully the eighth attempt to wrest the cup from us, which will be made next September, at least half of this money ought to be spent in our shipyards, and doubtless it will. That is why all Americans, regardless of political preferences, should desire the Defender to beat the English yacht. be she Ailsa or Valkyrie III., or, better still, the Prince of Wales' pet, the Bri-

The English have long claimed, and their persistency in making the claim and in reiterating it has induced many to believe it, that they can build ships far cheaper than we can. This is a fallacy. Their first-class ships cost more than we can build them for, as has been proved in the case of the St. Louis and St. Paul. The cheap tramp steamers they build could not get a register from the United States government. They do not come up to our re-

quirements in many essentials.

Regarding our prospects of retaining the cup, it can be said that they are fairly good, though it must be admitted we have more to fear than ever before.

This is because the English have, reluctantly, adopted many of the features that go to make up the distinguishing points of the American boats. Practically, the Ailsa is an American model. In breath of beam, in shallow-ness of hold and in her practically fin keel she far more closely resembles our boats than any in England. The Val-kyrie III. will have to be fleet to beat

"PLUNGER" WALTON

Doings Recalled By the Advent of Dwyer on the English Turf.

Whatever faults and failings Mr. Michael F. Dwyer may have, his bitterest opponents cannot deny that he is one of the shrewdest non in the busness of horse racing. With him, it is far more a business than a sport, and he has been called, not inaptly, "the Jay Gould of the turf." When he went Jay Gould of the turf." When he went to England last year to survey the racing situation there many sneered at him and predicted that he would come to financial grief if he undertook to cope with the English at their especial game on their own grounds. Undeterred by these sneers, Mr. Dwyer and his turf partner, Richard Croker, for they really are turf partners, took a stable of horses to England, and so far they have not serious ners, took a stable of horses to England, and so far they have not serious cause to regret so doing. I doubt, however, if they will make as much money over there in the long run as they did in this country last season. They made a mint off the turf in this vicinity and coined money out of it almost as rapidly as the government did in the marble building on Chestnut street in Philadelphia, which it uses street in Philadelphia, which it uses

for that purpose.

By the way, I saw the man the other day who did teach the English, to their sorrow, how to make money of the turf. In those days he was called "Plunger" Walton, but he is now known as Mr. Theodore F. Walton. The year that James F. Keene's horse, Foxhall, won the Czarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, in England, and the Grand Prix in France, Mr. Walton won \$800,000 on these three events

English jockeys large sums of money to win the races they were engaged in. He would promise a jockey \$5,000 provided he won such and such a race. of course, he got, in advance, the very best of stable information. He nad all the leading jockeys of England furnishing him with news, and the turf magnates over there, who guard their stable secrets much more varefully than they do their family ones, were aghast. They finally got rid of Walton by ruling him off the turf for "tampering with jockeys." In this country many men pay jockeys not to win, and if they are not found out, and they are not one time in ten, they pose as clever sportsmen. Heaven save the mark!

JIM FISK'S WIDOW PENNILESS. Lives in a Frame House in Boston's Tene ment District.

From the Chicago Chronicle. When the notorious "Jim" Fisk was assassinated in New York in 1872, the value of his estate was estimated at \$2,000,000. It is therefore surprising that his widow is to-day obliged to live on a fixed incme of \$50 per month in a frame house in the tenement dis-trict of Boston. Even that small inne is derived from family property in Brattleboro, Vt. Not a cent comes from the colossal fortune which Fisk

accumulated by the most audacious tactics known in the financial world.

It is true that the court reduced the appraised value of the items as filed by Mr. Clark to \$950,000. It is true, also, that three successive fires, posalso, that three successive fires, pos-sibly of incendiary origin, destroyed as many humble homes that Mrs. Fisk had raised over her head in the village of North Hatfield, Mass., whither she had retired. But all these houses were had retired. But all these houses were partially covered by insurance and the net total of her losses did not amount to more than \$10,000. The rest of the great estate vanished into thin air, whither and exactly in what manner none can say, not Mrs. Fisk, not Mr. Clark, not her attorney, James M. Ball, It vanished, that is all they can say; how, they can only surmise.

how, they can only surmise.

Mrs. Fisk's friends say that almost every dollar which disappeared from the estate went to swell the already amply filled coffers of Jay Gould. Mrs. Fisk was a Miss Lucy D. Moore before her marriage. She has a brother, Charles G. Moore, in New York. Until recently he was employed at the Victoria hotel, and is now a state official at Fire island.

cial at Fire island. Mrs. Fisk was never beautiful, but she still has a face that inspires con-fidence and has an attraction of its own. Her natural goodness of heart evidently fascinated the eccentric and turbulent soul to whom fate had de-creed that she should be mated. She always retained his respect and held his best affections to the end. She was his confidant always. While he was pursuing his stormy career in New York, she was living in Chester square Boston. His nominal residence was at the Grand Central hotel in New York. But he never failed to write to her when absent, and every Saturday he took the train for Boston and remained with her until Tuesday. It was on a Saturday that Jim Fisk was shot. She was telegraphed for, but did not reach his bedside until all

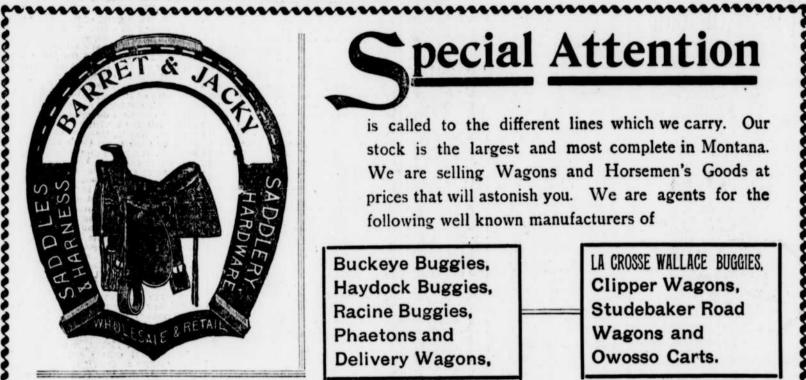
Speaking recently of her husband's usiness relations with Jay Gould,

Mrs. Fisk said: "Mr. Fisk had an equal interest with "Mr. Fisk had an equal interest with Mr. Gould in the Narragansett steamboats, now the Fall River line. I agreed to dispose of this interest to Mr. Gould. In return he agreed to give me \$200.000 worth of stock in the New Jersey Southern railroad, and \$15,000 additional. He gave me the stock. New Jersey Southern railroad, and \$15,-000 additional. He gave me the stock, but when I came to dispose of it I realized only \$8,000. Then Mr. Gould said I had been wrongly advised; that I should have sold out sooner. He never made good the deficit, and I never got the \$15,000. But Mrs. Gould was a very sweet woman, and while she lived I could always depend on her using her influence to aid me. Dur-ing her lifetime Mr. Gould sent me several sums of money when I was in distress, ranging from \$100 to \$500. When she died I got no answers to the letters I wrote Mr. Gould asking for

"Have you appealed to the heirs since his death?

"Yes, I wrote to Miss Hannah Gould who, I believe, resembles her mother in many respects. I was told that she is very kind and charitable. But my letters to her met the same fate as my letters to her father—they remained unanswered. Now, I think that is the worst insult that can be inflicted on you, to refuse to answer a letter. I have never written again."

According to the "identification by per sonal marks" theory of the police it is now proper to refer to "thumb prints on the hands of crime" instead of "Footprints on the sands of time."-Nicetown



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